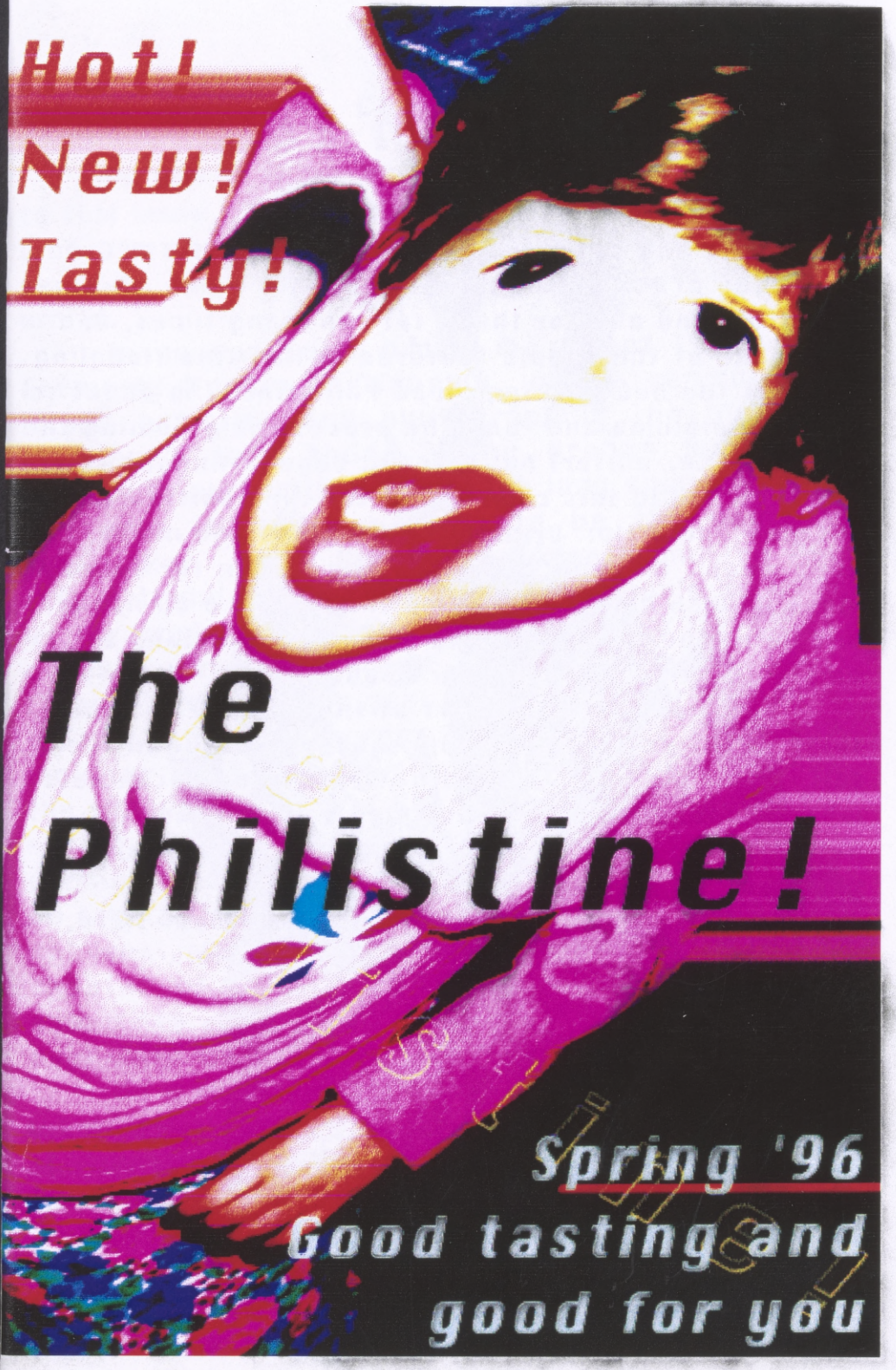
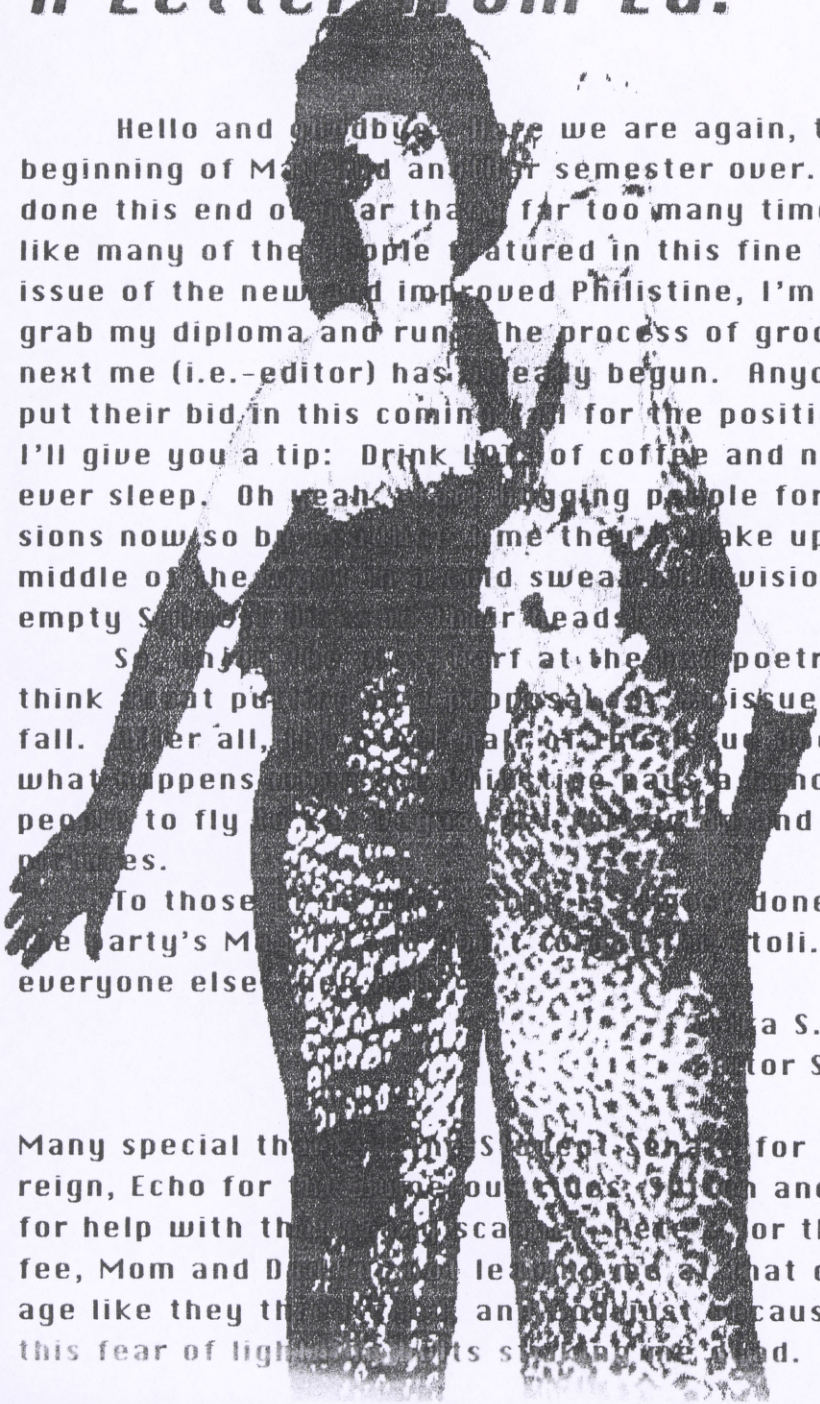
c. May 1996


Hot!
New!
Tasty!
The Philistine!
Spring '96
Good tasting and good for you

Edit this!
A Letter from Ed.



Hello and goodbye. Here we are again, the beginning of May and another semester over. I've done this end of year thing far too many times, and like many of the people featured in this fine fledgling issue of the new and improved Philistine, I'm about to grab my diploma and run. The process of grooming the next me (i.e.-editor) has already begun. Anyone can put their bid in this coming fall for the position, so I'll give you a tip: Drink lots of coffee and never, ever sleep. Oh yeah, start begging people for submissions now so by the time they wake up in the middle of the night in cold sweats, visions of empty S[illegible] dance in their heads.

So, [illegible] turf at the [illegible] poetry, and think about p[illegible] proposals for next issue in the fall. After all, [illegible] documents what happens [illegible] this time next year, a bunch of people [illegible] to fly [illegible] and take pictures.

To those [illegible] done here, the party's M[illegible] toli. To everyone else [illegible]

[illegible]a S. Brath
[illegible]tor Superior

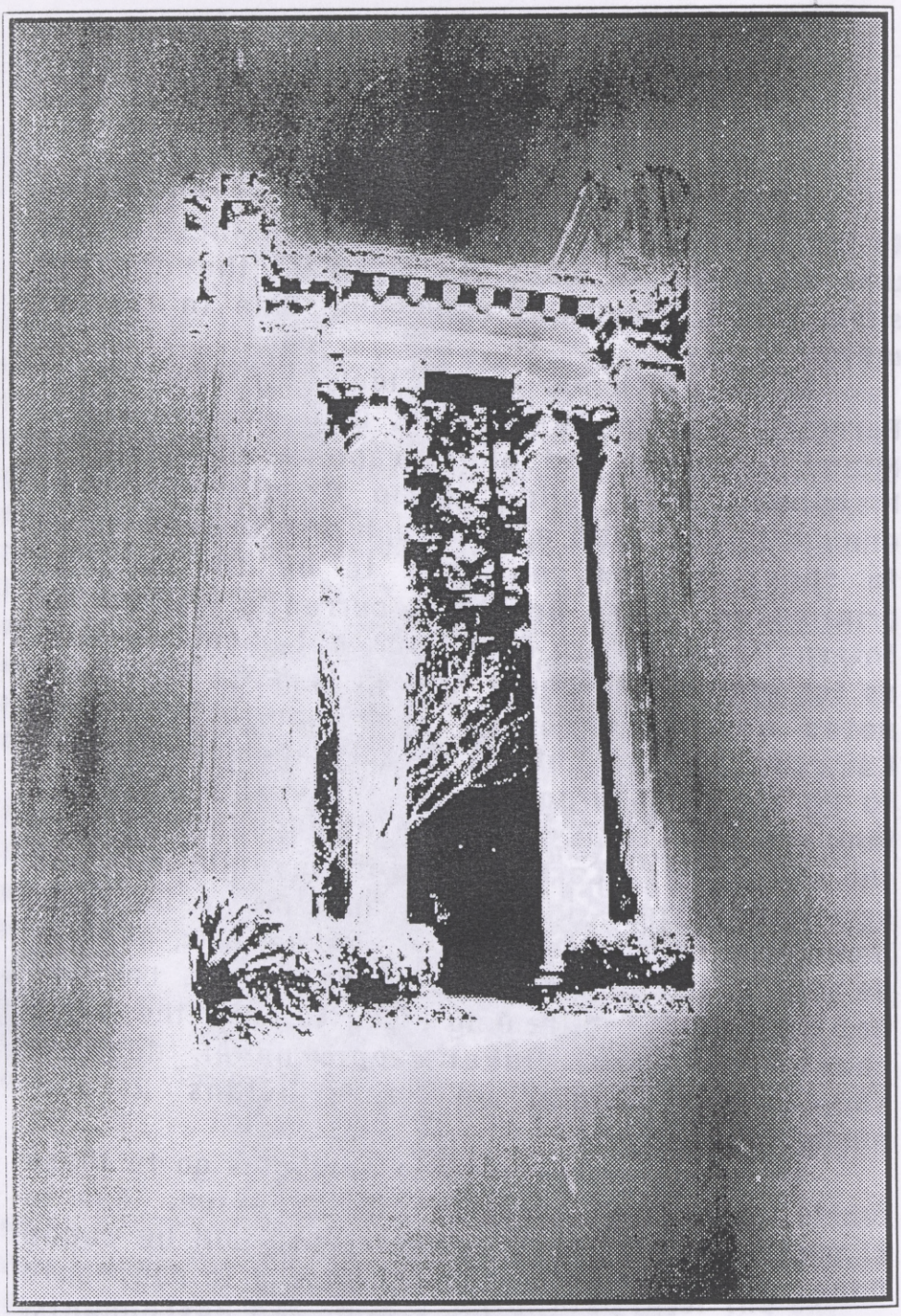
Many special th[illegible] for the free reign, Echo for [illegible] and Barbara for help with th[illegible] for the coffee, Mom and D[illegible] that orphanage like they th[illegible] cause I have this fear of lig[illegible] ghts s[illegible] ed.

Contributors

I'd like to thank all the artists who contributed to this issue. They all kick ass, and for those of you who are about to make the comment that they all seem to be friends of mine--welcome to the art world.

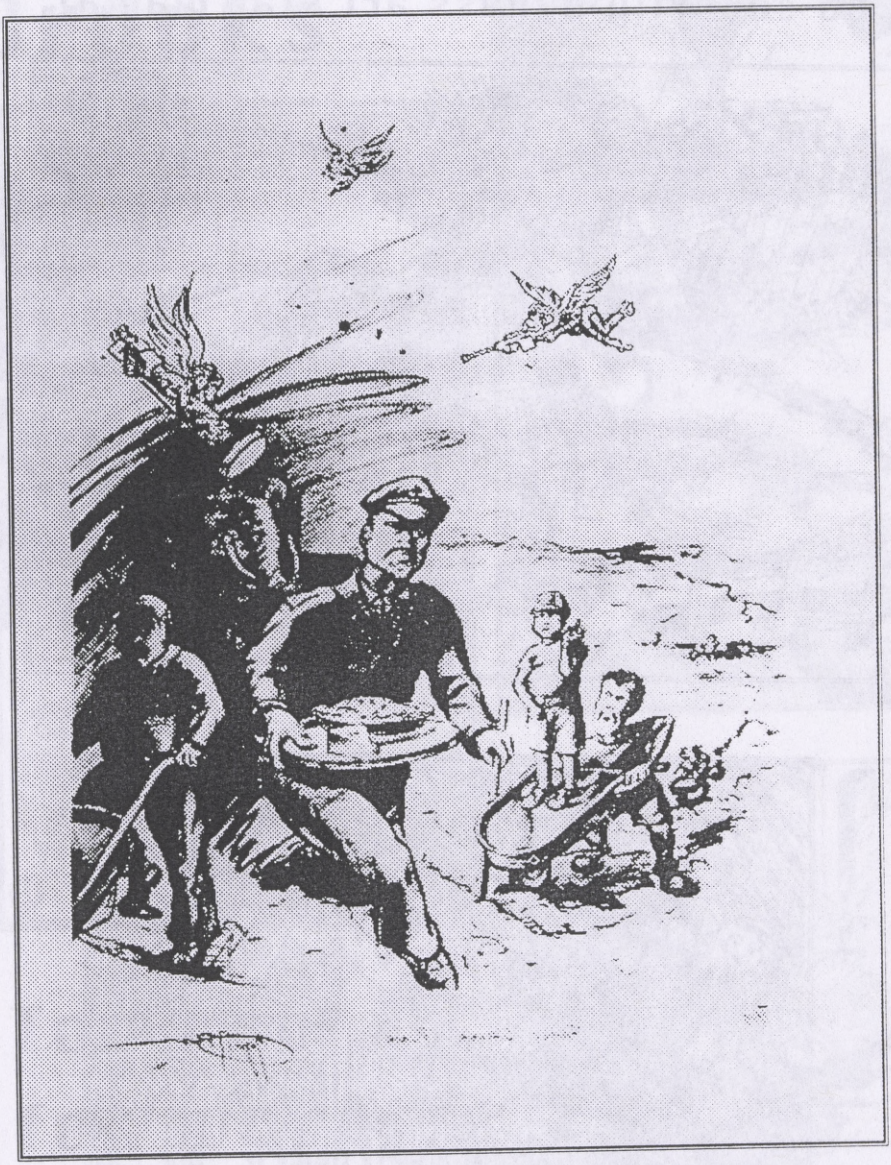
In no particular order, we've got The Artist Formerly Known As Nohemy, who is currently in Miami assisting and photographing the birth of Madonna's love child. Ryan Brooks was kind enough to part with a lithograph long enough for us to shoot it, and continues to be the vampire printmaker. Brian Brooks is currently making the International Library Book tour, but should be with us for graduation where he will perform the Cliff's notes version of Green Eggs and Ham. Jibz Cameron is on sabbatacal on an Idaho farm, thanks to an exchange program through Pete's Cafe, and look for 100% GiRL the comic to be released once the silicon sets. Carla Gaytan is currently part of a secret FBI probe into what appears to be brain damage in otherwise normal teenage girls, and can be seen in the season finale of the X-Files. Last but not least, we're extremely lucky to have the latest chapter of Lydia Linker's epic novel, due out sometime this year on Henry Rollins' 2.13.61 publishing label.

On a final note, greatest apologies go to those who's work didn't make it into this issue. Due to scanner malfunction, the next issue will be called Dave. For those of you who promised to contribute and didn't--a pox on your family and descendants. Have a good summer everyone and don't forget to use protection.



The Artist Formerly Known As

Nohemy



Ryan Brooks

Jibz Cameron

Go superfly badass art star mama!

Brian Brooks

Too cool for words.

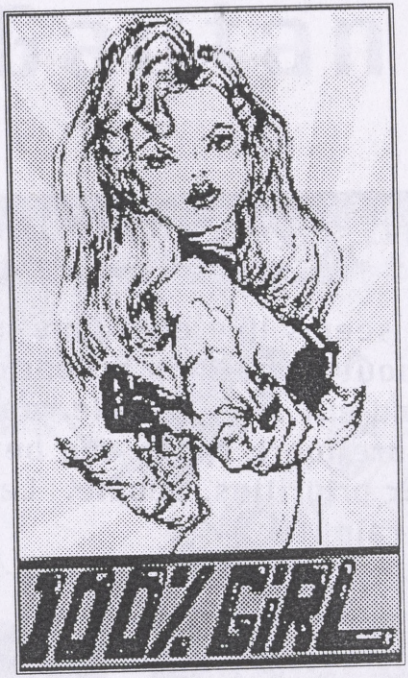
(Just try to reproduce these and you will die a slow and painful death)

Welcome to the world of really bad poetry. The following two "poems" were left in my box, and if you can figure out who they are by you win a free cookie at Pete's cafe! Good luck, I know it means everything to you....

I'm now
in a gang, a gang of freaks!
On the shore, lit by the moon
To show them properly alone,
Two lovers suddenly
embraced.

The feeling swept over me,
like the cross of Jesus was
strapped to my aching back.
Just then the phone rang, my
mother calling to let me
know I'd receive no more

100% GiRL



100% GiRL
Coming soon to a
theatre near you.

girl@sirius.com

Suggestion Box

It seems like everyone is always complaining about something around here, and I set out to find out what people really want. To hell with more work space and better facilities, it's time for priorities, people. Let's set the record straight!

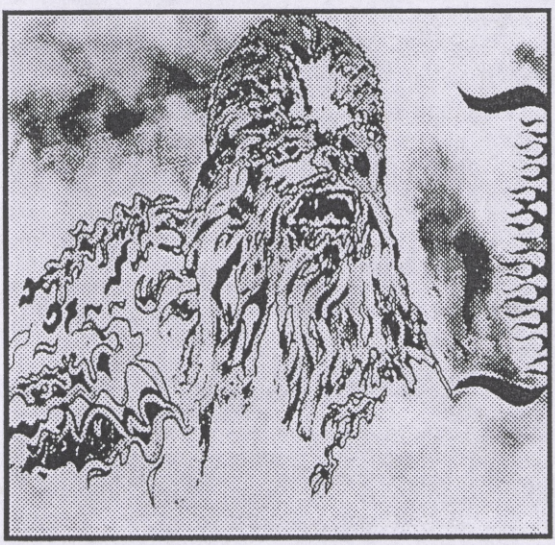
1. Free coffee.
2. A slide going from the roof to the "yard". (Preferably the twisty kind.)
3. A park in the "yard".
4. Free coffee.
5. No calendar, so we don't know when the semester is gonna end. Thus, no final week stress.
6. More animals in the courtyard, fish and chicken aren't very filling.
7. An always full soda machine that always takes your old dollar.
8. Free coffee.
9. Better looking models.
10. To be adopted by Robin Williams.

Bonus point: Free coffee.

Carla Gaytan

"DON'T GO THERE"

Carla addressing an adoring fan.



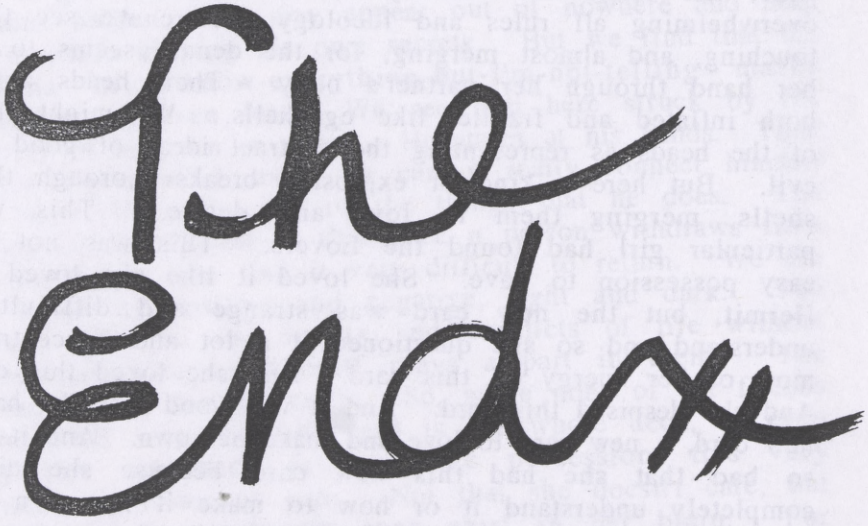
Story of A Very Particular Girl
by Lydia Linker

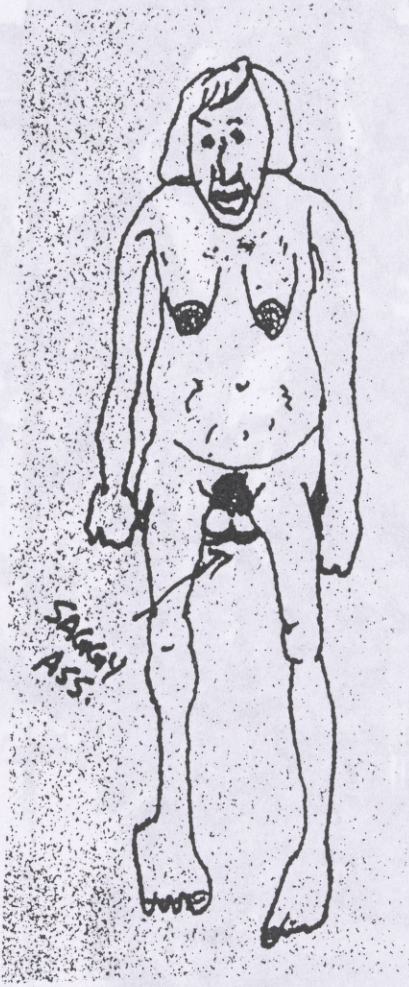
"Once upon a time, there was a girl. Now, this very particular girl, was. She just happened to be. One would think she came into the world in the usual way, mother, father, and all, but I don't recall the time before this girl was. It could very well be that she came about in the usual way, but it could just as easily not be that. In essence, this very particular girl was alone. She was not lonely, mind you. Yes, of course she got lonely sometimes. About as often as she was happy, or sad, or stupid, or mad, but that all comes with the existence package. So, she was alone in the world, and believe it or not, she liked it. She dreamed about it, how wonderful it is to be alone. This solitary oneness of being made this very particular girl who she was. She did have friends and, in fact, she had a large number of them who cared about her almost as much as she cared for them, but they became incidental when she was alone. Kind of like a low hum in the back of your brain. So, as this very particular girl was existing, she came into the possession of a Tarot deck. Now, it's only fitting that a very particular girl come into possession of a very particular Tarot deck, because this Tarot deck consisted of one card. One of her friends had given her this Tarot deck and it was the first Tarot deck she had ever encountered, so the sparseness of the deck did not disturb her at all. In fact, it was her prize possession. She loved this card more than anything, because it was her. This was her card. She heard a description once of her card. How did it go? Something like this, 'His origin and history remains hidden. He may appear out of nowhere and help others while keeping his own secrets. But we find that his persona of I-know-everything-but-I'm-not-telling masks confusion, or even fear. We see him here struck by the mystery of his own existence. He stares at his hands. They appear disembodied, as if he cannot really connect himself (or his feelings) to any of the things that he does. The danger of the Hermit is that once a person withdraws from the world, he may find it very difficult to return. We see the hands as positive and negative, light and dark. The Hermit looks at the duality and conflicts of life without recognizing that he himself plays a part in them.' The Hermit is her deck of cards. So, while none of her friends understands why this one card is her whole deck, or even why this one deck is her prize possession, this very particular girl doesn't care. Not that she doesn't care, but that this concern doesn't even exist in her brain. For

example, the friend that gave her the deck, whoever that was, didn't even understand why the Hermit made her deck or why she loved it so, yet this very particular girl doesn't even remember how the Tarot deck came into her possession. Only that is here now, and it is her. She herself doesn't even know why she loves this possession. It, like her, just is.

And so, one day this very particular girl is walking around through life and she starts to notice things going on around her. Not just any things, but very particular things. She notices the people, the couples, around her being influenced by the season, by nature, and she realizes that she doesn't feel a part of that. Normally, she wouldn't internalize the business of other people, but now, for some reason, she cared and that disturbed her. Not disturbed her in a bad way, but puzzled her and she began to have some questions. She went back to her Tarot deck only to find that her single card deck had multiplied to two. It didn't shock her that a second card seemed to appear out of nowhere, for all she know, the new card was attained the same way that the first one was, and so she researched. 'Sexuality helps make us individuals. This is shown strongly in this version as an angel from heaven and a demon from hell--no two Lovers have ever defied their "parents" and "society" more than these two. Partly the story of this romance derived from the idea that heaven and hell are really the same, because they both wield absolute power and use it to protect their privileges. In other words, they represent the upper classes, whether they take the roles of good guys or bad guys. At the same time, the characters embody the idea of sex and love overwhelming all rules and ideology. Here we see them touching, and almost merging, for the demon seems to put her hand through her partner's body. Their heads appear both inflated and fragile, like eggshells. We might think of the heads as representing the abstract ideas of good and evil. But here a kind of explosion breaks thorough these shells, merging them in love and desire.' This very particular girl had found the Lovers. This was not any easy possession to have. She loved it like she loved the Hermit, but the new card was strange and difficult to understand and so she questioned it a lot and concentrated most of her energy on this card. And she loved this card. And she despised this card. And it was good that she had a new card, a new card to love and make her own. And it was so bad that she had this new card because she didn't completely understand it or how to make it her own and this hurt. And so she lived in this conflict of opposites for

a time. And as she realized that she loved and hated this card, the number of polarities she found within the card grew. And the conflict became monstrous, and she knew she could understand this card and become this card, but it felt like there was a vital part missing. Some sort of key that would stop the pain of the infernal conflict. It seemed to her that the key to the mystery of the card would be found within the card itself. She had forgotten that Lovers are just that, lovers, no more and no less. And that the Hermit was just that, the hermit, no more and no less. And she remembered. For the first time she remembered and it felt good. And she felt bad for forgetting and all that she could do at the time was to sit down and cry. She cried for no reason in particular, only that it felt good. She cried for a time and as that time passed, she realized that the key that she had been missing was there all along, just forgotten. She had the first card, the Hermit. Her card, the card that was her. And she found herself again. And as she looked at the new card, the second card within this richer, illuminated state, the state of being this very particular girl, the answers and secrets and mysteries of the Lovers became clear. And she was still the Hermit as she was the Lovers. and she was still the Lovers as she was the Hermit. And she was happy as she was sad, and sad as she was happy. And she was."

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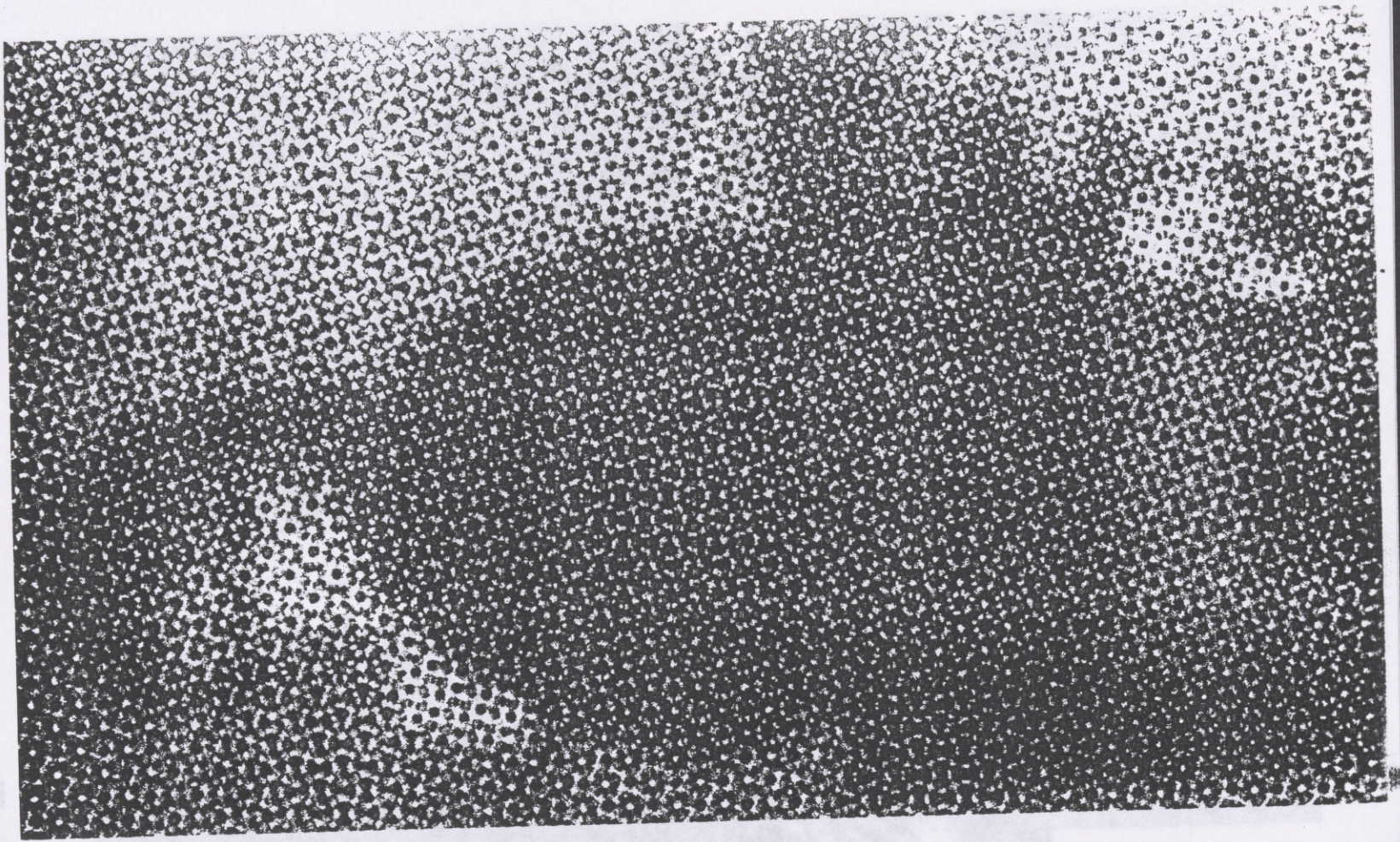

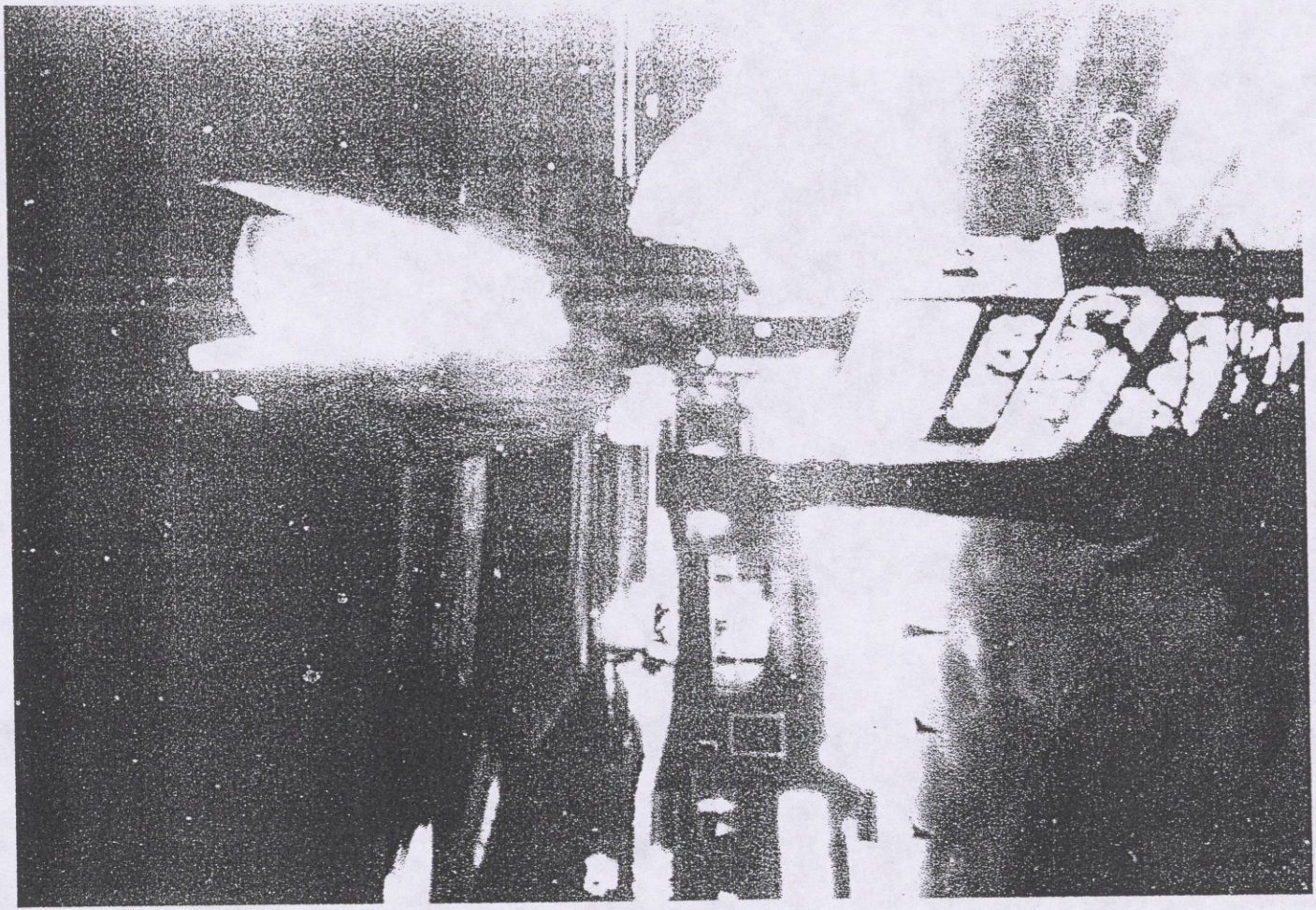

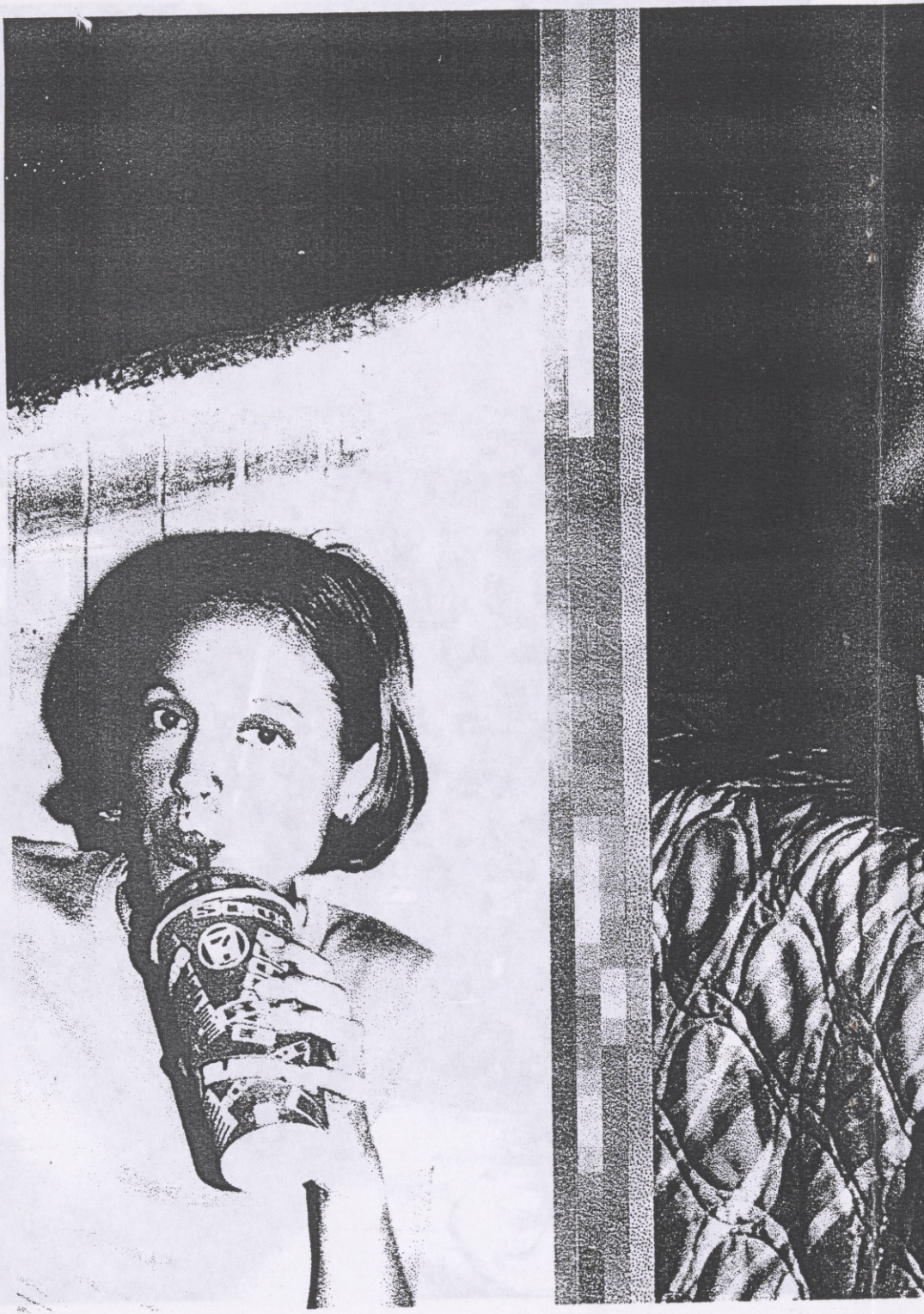

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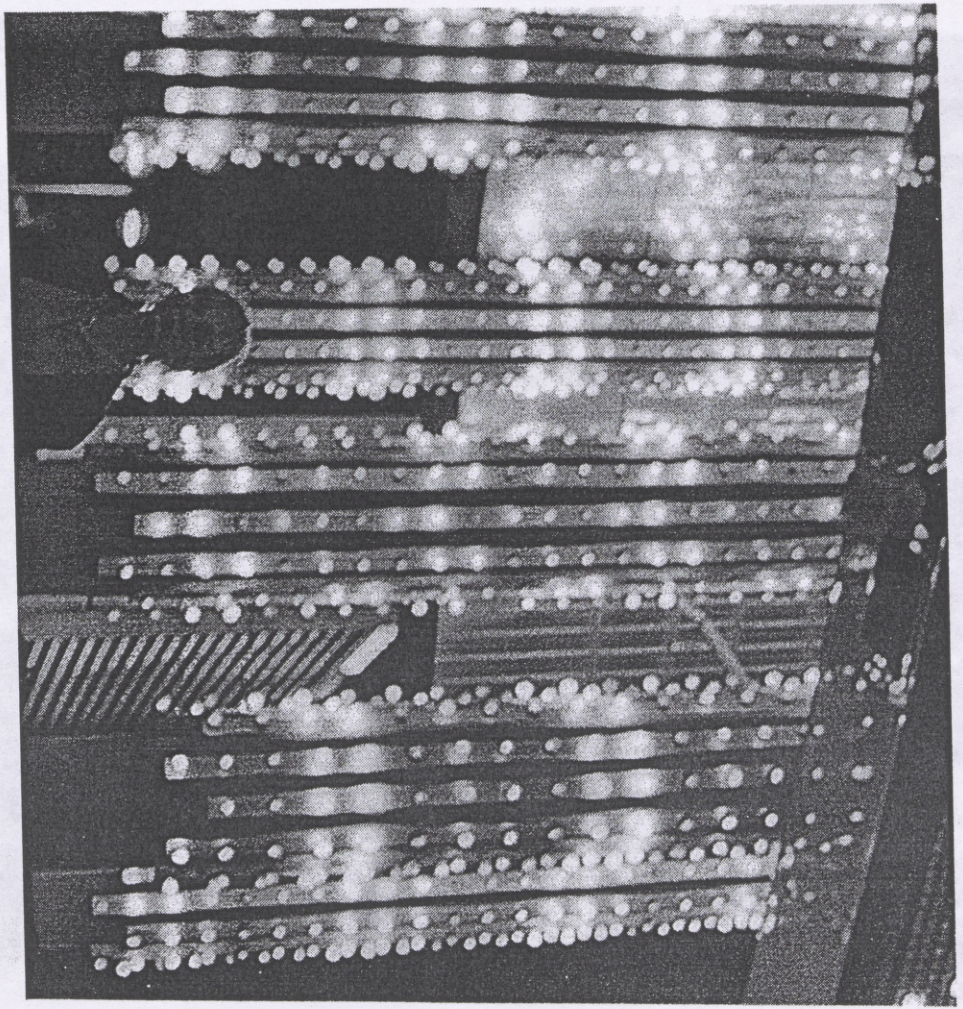

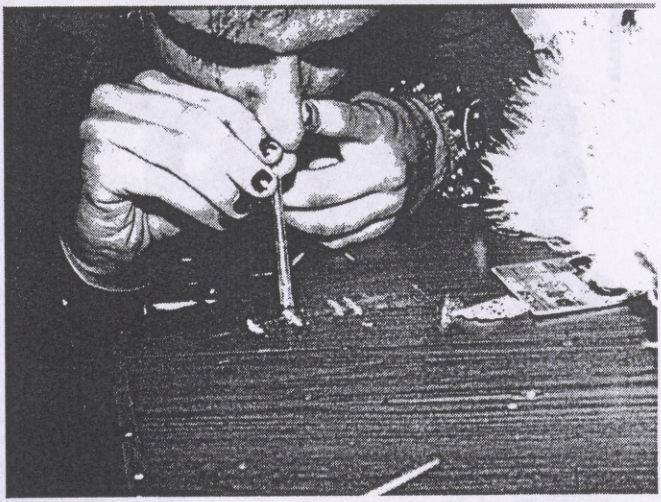

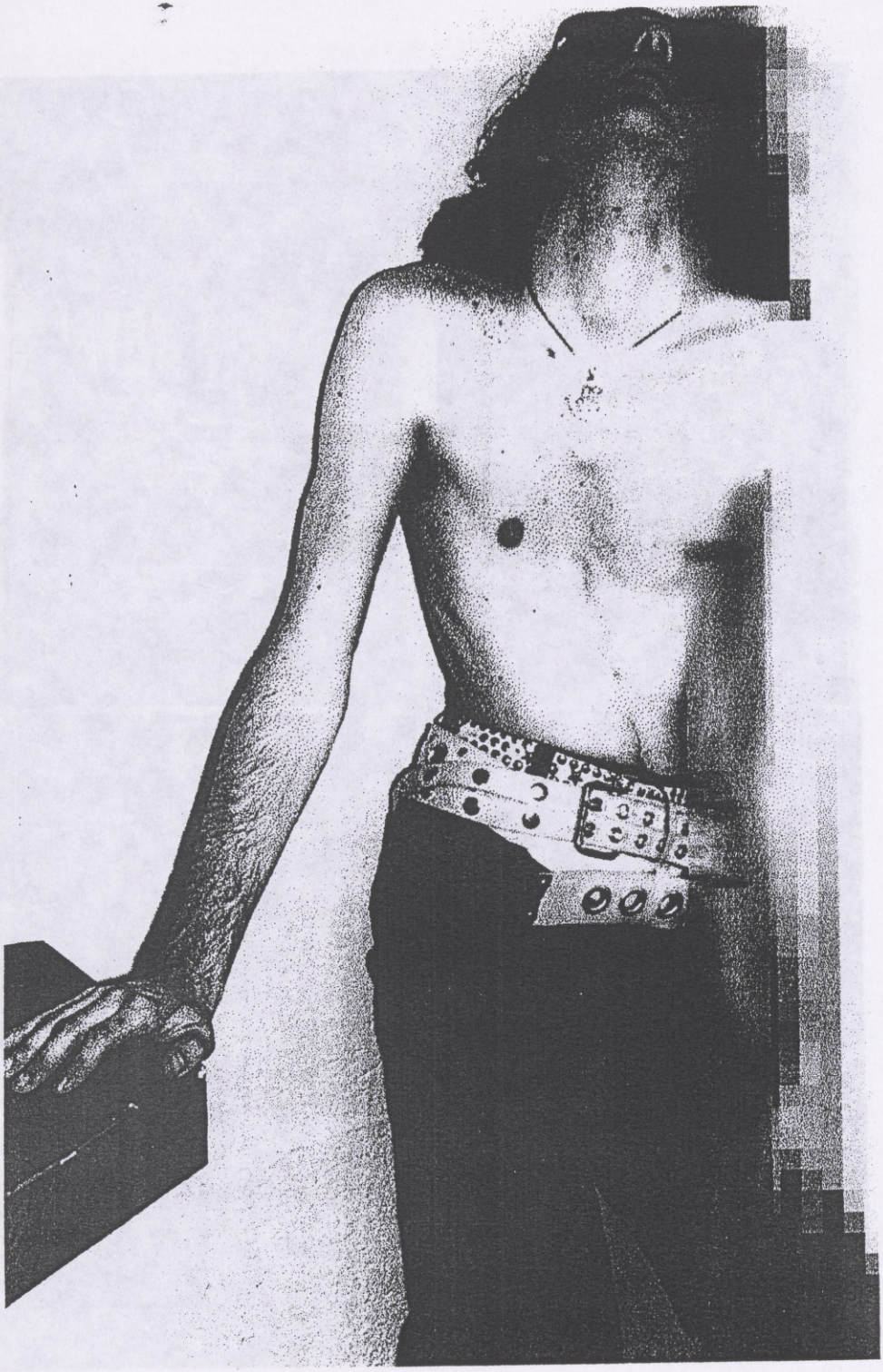

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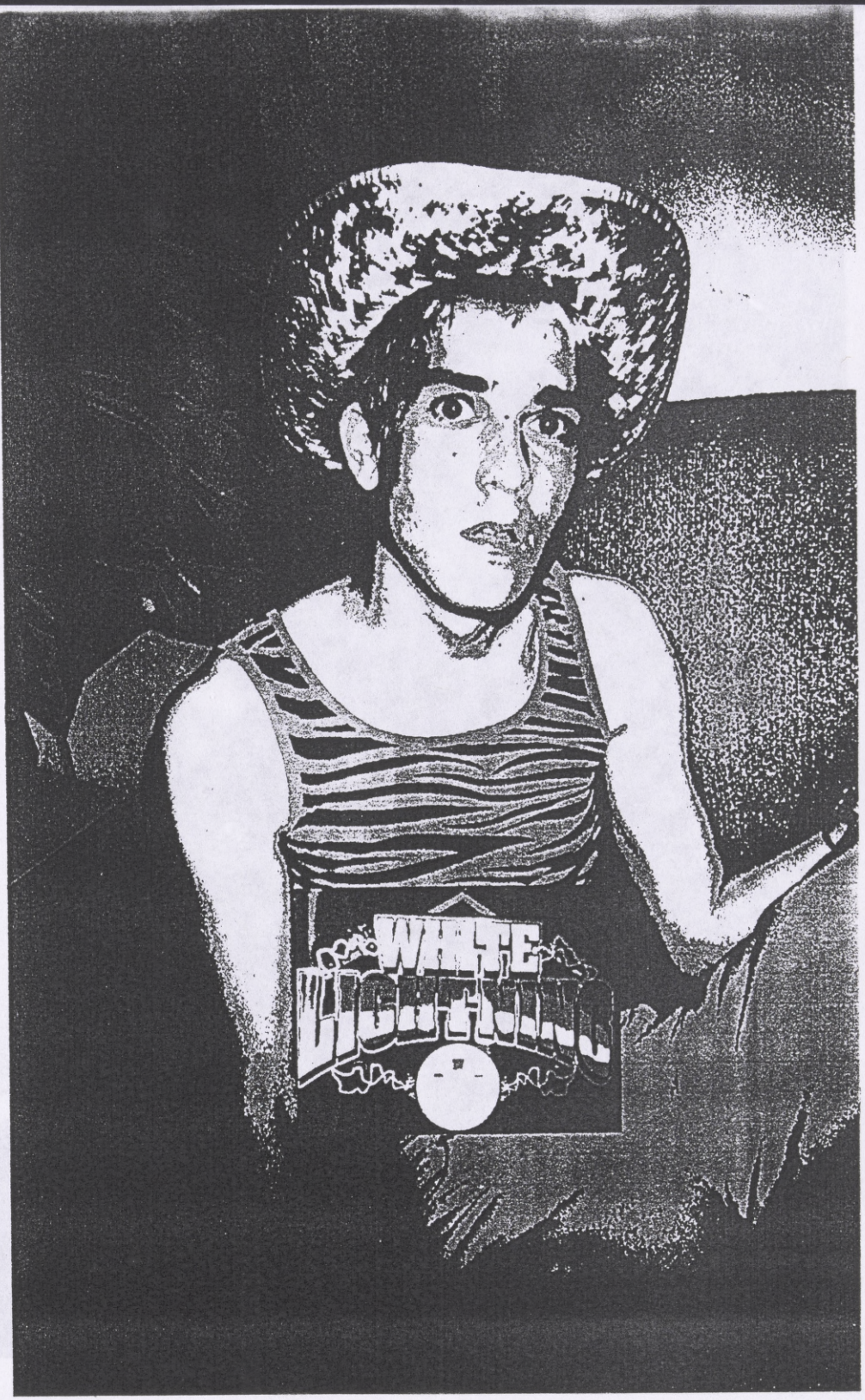
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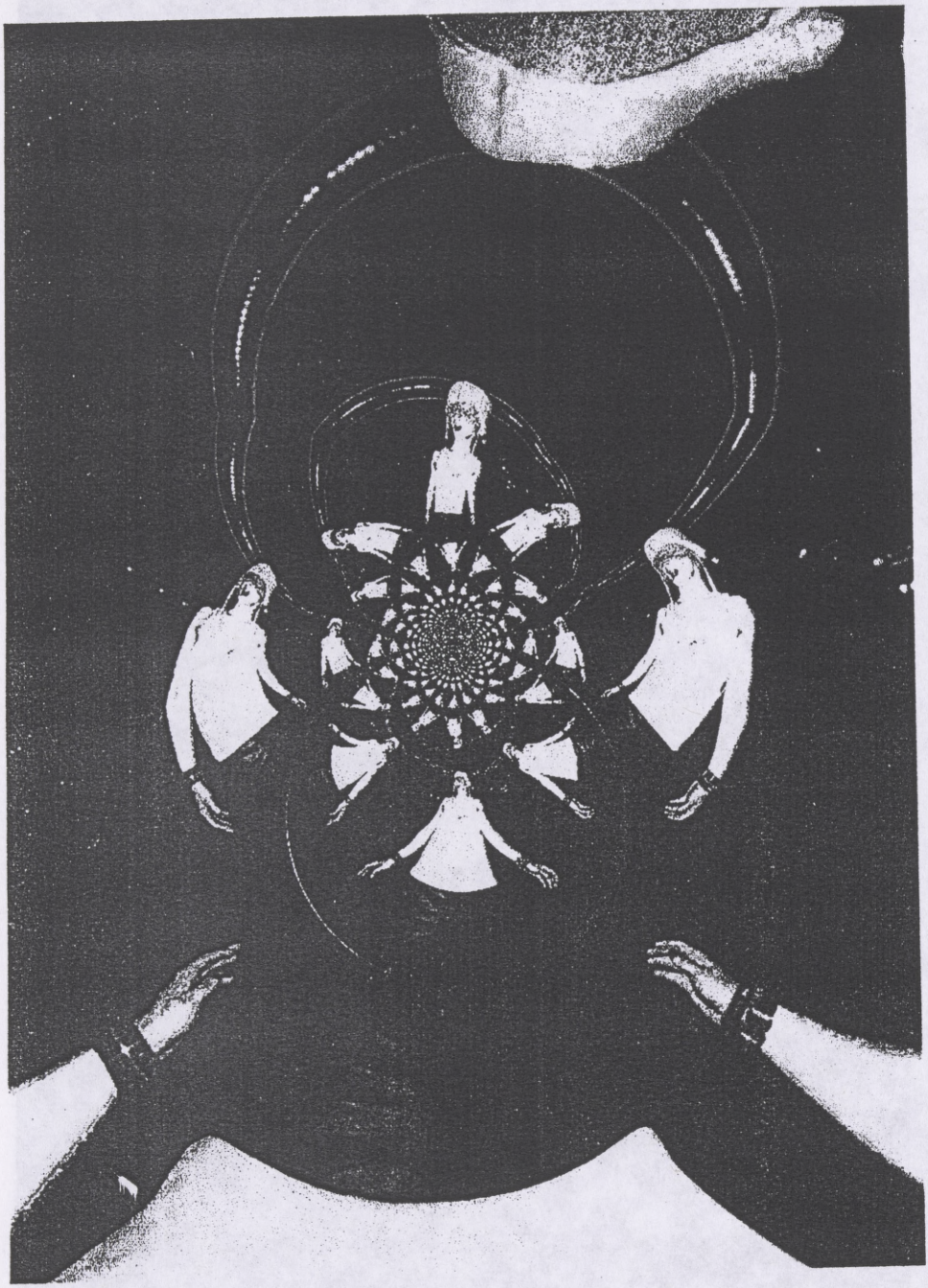

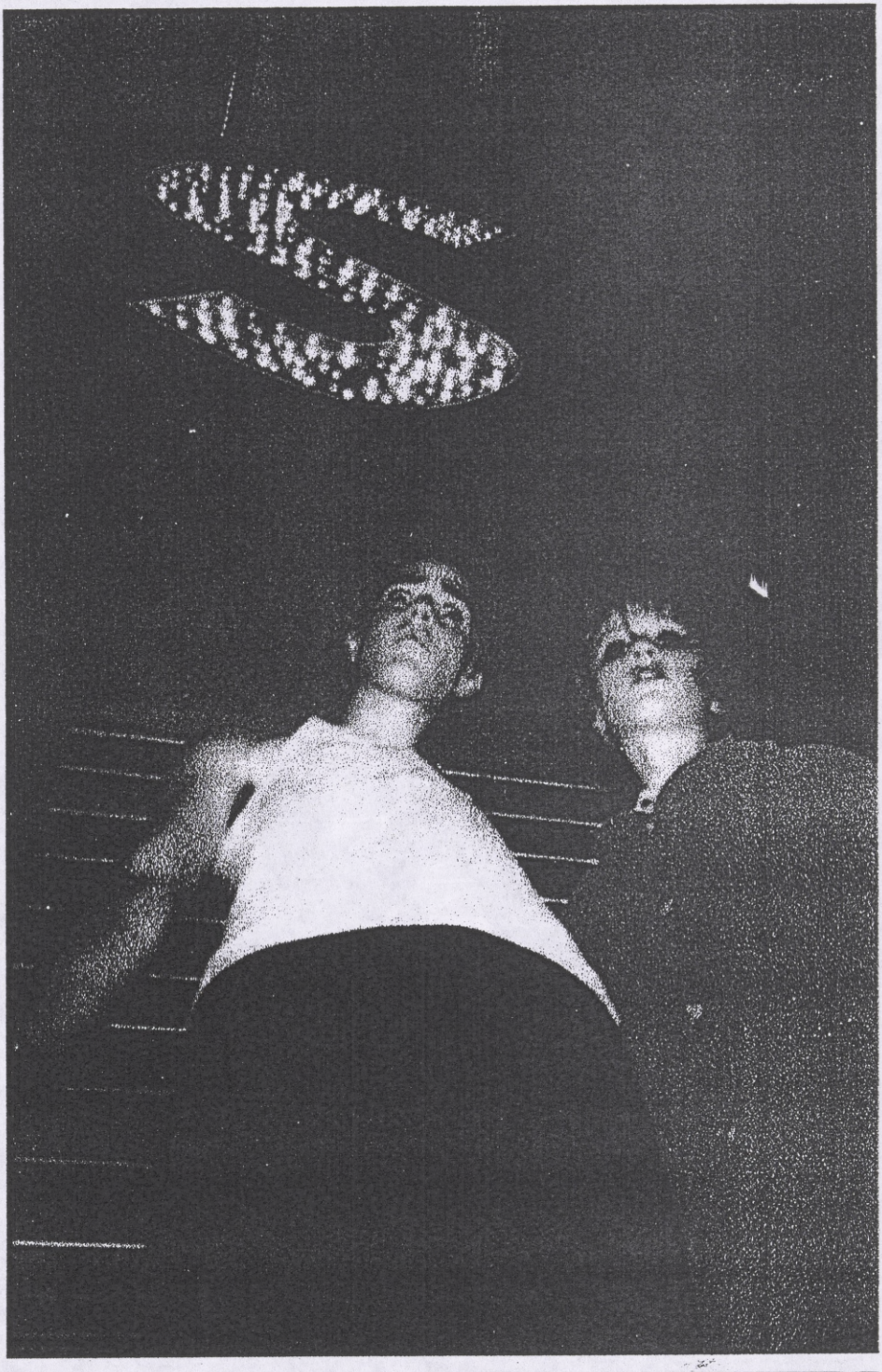

ACCESSORIZE!

Dirty fashion trends in Las Vegas, Nevada
Editors: Giorgio Handman and Christopher F. Cascio
Models/Fashion Correspondents:
Katy McKay and Rachel Cook
24 hour photo shoot made possible by the San Francisco Art Institute
May 1996

CASINO